What it was that the senor could not do, of

Juanita Silveda.

Will Bowman told me of it afterward.

"I was standing by the window, sulky as a dog that you have kicked," said Master Will, "and I wished I had been one, too. For the woman came and leaned upon me—faugh—and pawed my hair and breathed upon my neck, till I thought I would have burst, or it may be, clouted her on the ear. Had I not remembered that she was our only hope—indeed, but for your mother's sake and Anna's—I would let drive at the besom with my foot."

'And she would, too

ened face.
"I am Philip Stansfield's wife," answered my mother, calmly, "and this is my son."

Janet Mark lifted her hands and hid her face.

in them.
"Philip Stansfield's wife!" she murmured, and again, "Philip Stansfield's wife! God be merci-

And truly all the demons of circumstance and misfortune seemed to dog our track, and for the first time in all our wanderings I began to despair.

To be continued.

Willing Testimony. From the Columbian. "How do you like your new typewriter?" in-

"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little tes-timonial to that effect?" "Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled

quired the agent.

THE SUN. SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1900

## "THE ISLE OF THE WINDS."

### BY S. R. CROCKETT.

Copyright 1900, by S. R. Crockett SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

SIR James Stansfield of New Milas, with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an inu house his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel-bir James goes home taking his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They have his body outside on an ice tioe in the affort to lay the crime to others. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime—he had been prought to justice. Philip is sentenced to be hung, and his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously he crapes the gallows, seeks out his wife. spurway, who succeeds in naving the rear interest to be hung, and his woman acomplice to be transported. Mysteriously he scapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, and she in the commun of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son in charge of Spurway and with little anna Mark who teaches him that in some ways girls are worth oute as much as boys. Still they are excellent friends, even though she beats him at her studies, in the school to which they go together. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer uncle, brings in a new teacher. Deminds Hingress, a small man, with wonderful eves, shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled by a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robert. Business calls. Umplray. Spurway from berry, Business calls. Umplray. shocked and thrilled by a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidentify for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umpliray Spurway from home. In his absence, a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk, who puts it in the weaving shed. That a night, Philip, playing about it, sees shining through the gaine of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the packing case with a small sword. Blood dlows, they open the case and find Pominis Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip's mother refuses to let him spend the holidays at New Mins. Returning from a day's visit to New Mins. Philip falls in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypsy father, who, under pretence of showing him if Harry Morgan's treasure, makes him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight and leads Imphray Spurway on his track. By the help of his silent partner, Provost Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, supercargo of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother Philip the elder, who is in league with Saul Mark, takes the portrait and sends young Philip away. Leaving Spurway imprisoned Philip stansfield the elder goes out in Spurway's cloak to his wife's house and by threats induces her to go aboard the Corramantee, which sails with there and other kidnapped persons to the Carolina plantations, and to the practe is island. There Anna and Philip make mantee, which sails with them and other kidnapped persons to the Carolina plantations, and to the practe's island. There are an and Philip make friends with Eborra. He shows them the secrets of the island, and where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure is, guarded by Fer-de-Lance, and his hosts. Eborra has secreted a boat in which he plans to escape with Anna, Philip Mrs. Stansfield and his mother; also Will Bowman, who is in the clutches of the virates. The portates sail away with two or three ships. The boat starts, encounters other pirates, but is towed safely away by a monster devil-fish. The boat reaches Puerto Pleas in affert and its inmates approach a convent nonster devil-ush. The boat reaches relieved in safety and its inmates approach a convent takes in the women. The Rico in safety and its inmates approach a convent asking help. The convent takes in the women. The men go into a chain gaug. It is making a road for the pleasure of the governor's wife. She chances to pass along and Will Bowman and Philip discover her to be Janet Mark, little Anna's mother.

### CHAPTER XL. THE TAMING OF THE TIGER.

Standing thus stricken I flashed a look at those who stood about me, Anna and Will. I scanned their faces, and it was with the utmost relief that I perceived I was the only one of the company who knew the woman's secret. What, indeed, more impossible than that the child I had seen waving her little hand, as her mother went down the road among the glittering bayonets in the gray of the morning, should recognize as the same this richly attired lady upon a Spanish isle in the Carib sea. And as for Will he was no wiser. For though he was old enough at the time, he had not seen much of Janet Mark. And, besides, as I have had occasion to point out more than once. Will Bowman never had my trick of picture memory which all my life I was wont to cultivate.

to the Donna Juanita. I saw the color flash up into her face, a warm, rosy hue upon the white ness of her skin. For that was her great beauty in a land of dusky women. When I had last seen er in her own country and much younger, she had been well-nigh peony red, a rustic Blowsilind. But here, subdued by years and climate, the red and the white showed together on her face like York and Lancaster grafted on a single rose Her tendency to plumpness had increased greatly with ease and the custom of the country. but that among the Spaniards, and especially the military caste of them, is thought the greater beauty. Still, in any country Janet or Juanita as she called herself) would have been a welllooking woman, and but for the demon that upon occasion looked out of her eyes, a good-natured

"What, we are English folk that have been among the pirates," she said in good English,

better look at us. "My friend is English," I said hastily, lest Will should claim Moreham: "from a town called Skipton he comes, and I am a poor Scottish lad, trapanned from his own country and folk. Have pity on us, great lady! We suffer for our re-

with a sudden chill; "but from what pairt of Scot-

land do ye come?" aged the English notill, she said "ye" and "ken" and "pairt." just as they did in New Milns. And it was a mighty curious thing to hear the familiar

accents of my native parish on the lips of this woman, the wife of a Spanish commandante, in this far isle of the sea.)

"Icome from a sealaring town called Abercairn." I said, giving Will a look that he was not to come any nearer to the truth. But Will, though wholly without diplomacy, had an admirable gift of stience, and simply looked at the white mule as it mentally summing up his points.

silence, and simply looked at the white mule as if mentally summing up his points.

"Ah, from Abercairn" she answered, with a quick look at me; "did ever ye hear of a man by the name of Philip Stansfield"

"Yes, 'said I, startled at the sound of my own name, but instantly taking her meaning, "that have I. Hear of Philip Stansfield who that has lived in Scotland had not heard of him? Und he not slay the father that begat him? Was he not a murderer, a robber, an outlaw?

"That is as may be," she said, "there were others deeper in and blacker of hue than poor Philip. But what of him? When was he executed."

"He never was executed," I said. "He escaped on the very day, though many in Scotland say that he died on the widdy by the hangman's cord."

"How ken ye that he escaped: she said, a little breathlessly.

I did not reveal what excellent reasons I had to "ken" that thing. I merely told her the fact of the long and fruitless pursuit, of the attacks on many mansion houses, and how it had been more recently ascertained beyond a doubt that Pallip Stansfield had departed forth of the realm of Swiland.

As I spoke the ruddy color gradually left face of the woman. The reins dropped from her fingers upon the neck of the white mule and she clasped her hands as if praying in church. "Save me —save me," she muttered. "If Philip find me here, I am a dead woman."

Then after a little while she commanded herself the state of the savet should be seen to be supported by the savet should be seen to be savet should be savet on the savet should be savet on the savet should be savet savet

"Save me—save me," she muttered. "If Philip ind me here, I am a dead woman."
Then after a little while she commanded herself and asked another question.

"There was one Saul Mark in these days, a seafaring man. He used often to land at your town, though that was not his country. I have heard him speak of it. Ken ye him?"

"What?" I cried loud enough for Anna to catch every word—she had withdrawn a little from the paling but still stood listening a little removed from the woman's sight, "what, not a swarthy, gypsy-like man with silver rings in his ears?"

"The same—God's truth, the same," she cried, yet not gladly. "What of him? Tell me quickly. He is dead—tell me, he is surely dead!"

"He has oft been reported so," I answered, "but ever turns up again, like a bad penny which even a beggar will not take as alms."

"Where saw or heard you of him last?"

It was a difficult question, but I turned the corner of it, as I thought, adroitly enough.

"It comes to me that ere I left Abercairn I was told that be had turned privateersman!"

"Alas, alast" she muttered, "this is worse and worse. Every pirate and privateersman!"

"And this youth"—she turned about to where Anna had been standing, but seeing nothing of her she continued—"what does he in the nunnery? He looked somewhat over comely to be foot page among so many granin' women folk?"

She laughed at her own conceit and I at the Moreham expression she had at the close. So from this point we were the better agreed. And I escaped for that time from answering any more questions. I fear that I should have been forced to lie ere long. And that never was my desire—though, God forgive me, I have been driven to it time and again. But that I count not lying, and neither I believe does the Almighty, who knows that sometimes a bit of which is a work of necessivy and mercy to poor hell deserving humanity.

So the lady Juanita Silveda rode away upon her white mule, her dainty feet encased in a pair of silver stirrups large as salt boxes, while rings like barrel hoops jingled at

away to the road without giving me time to speak a word of warning to Anna. But I trusted that my loud manner of speech and meaning gestures would have put her on her guard. Yet I could not think on the simplicity of my mother without a swarf of fear coming over me. Nevertheless, I reflected that, in the habit of a mun and with the changes made by the inevitable years, it was not likely that Janet Mark would know my mother now. Still, if any inquired, my mother would be sure to say point blank, "I am the wife of Philip Stansfield of New Milns, in Scotland." For thus did my mother always, having no way I have found ill fitted enough to this present world, and which I look forward to as likely to prove anything but convenient in the next.

Eborra hastened us on our way to the gang, knowing that, if the Lady Juanita were at San Juan de Brozas, it was not likely that Don Nicholas Silveda would be far in the rear. And so, indeed, it proved. For no sconer had we turned the corner of the numery orchard than at the further end of the gang we beheld a man upon a plunging horse, ricling this way and that among the gang, swearing, striking indiscriminately at the prisoners and the negro overseers.

From the distance only the gust of his loud mouthing oaths came to us, but presently we could hear the tapping of his stick on bare backs and iron belts.

"Our turn next" said Eborra, "take care not to

could hear the tapping of his stick on bare backs and iron belts.

"Our turn next" said Eborra, "take care not to answer a word."

At that moment the man on horseback caught sight of us approaching. Instantly he set sours to his beast, and came shouting down the whole length of the gang to where we were beginning to work.

He called out something to Eborra, and made as if he would have smitten us. Now, Spanish is an easy language, to catch the drift of to any

to work.

He called out something to Eborra, and made as if he would have smitten us. Now, Spanish is an easy language to catch the drift of to any one with some smatter of Latin. Added to which, that every Spaniard, instead of clipping his words like the English, or broadening them out of recognition like the Scots, thinks it worth while to speak as beautifully as he can—which is called among them "having the true Castillian." So, though I could yet speak but little. I understood a good deal, and guessed more.

"Dogs and heretics!" he cried. "Let me come to the dogs! I am a true Catholic. I am a Christian! May God strike me dead if I am not May I be" (here followed a silly blatter of oaths) "if I let one of the cursed crew escape!"

And what with the trampling of his horse's hoofs and the scattering of the gravel and sand used for the embanking. I stood dazed and amazed right in his path. Anon he seemed about to ride us down. But swerving aside when quite near us, he brought his sitck round with a sweep and took me directly under the ear with a ding that fairly drove me stupid. I swayed and would have failen but that Will caught me on his arm and shielded my head from the blows of this most Christian Commander Don Nicholas Sitseda, taking them on his own shoulder without complaint.

After exhausting himself on us, he turned

plaint.

After exhausting himself on us, he turned upon Eborra to strike him also. The black hall-anced himself a little upon his hams like a fencer at the engage. He thrust out his book in front of him and looked steadily at the assailant who

wered above him I heard a sharp cry, and at first being still muzzy Theard a sharp cry, and at first being still muzzy with my clouted sconce. I thought it was the cry of Eborra. But looking again I saw that it came from a wizened little creature like a monkey, of a brown countenance, who pricked hither and thither on allively assmuch as agadily does about a group of cattle.

"Beware beware, great captain," he cried: "Tet Iron-hand alone. He is very great Obeah, He will bewitch you if you so much as fouch him."

Instantly Don Nicholas checked his stroke, and with his thumb thrust between his middle and fourth fingers he made the sign for averting the evil eye.

"Avaunt," he cried: "I will not touch. Get away, L will have witchcraft in my comman-

away: I will have witchcraft in my comman derle. The Grand Inquisitor shall know of this. Carrajo I will beat the white heretics in And he would have fallen again upon us. as

his castigation meetly enough, and instead of raging everywhere like a bull, the red died out of his face and he followed his wife submissively as she went hither and thither inspecting the new road, approxing of this and condemning that with a judgment which was beyond appeal. Presently she came to where Will and I were laboring side by side. She appeared to notice us with surprise.

"Let these men be freed instantly," she said, pointing to us, "bid the armorer remove their frons."

Don Nicholas said something to her in a low tone which I could not catch, but its purport was clear enough in the reply of the Lady Juanita.

"I care not a sniff of tobacco for the grand inquisitor," she cried loudly, "I ask you to have the irons taken off these poor young men, who are my country folk."

The commandante made a little grimace with his hands as if washing them of possible consequences. It was clear, however, that he was more in foar of his wife's anger than of all the powers, ecclesiastical of the holy office.

So the same great black brute who had riveted the irons upon us was called to remove them, which he did very unwillingly the Lady Juanita standing over him all the time and stimulasing his energies with the commandante's cudgel as often as he paused for he and. On the whole I began to have a better opirion of even the illset and the evil of my country, finding them of the first power and importance on Saint John of Puerto Rico as well as on the Isle of the Winds. In a little we were free and followed the white mule and the black horse of the Silvedas through the chain gang, who looked upon us poor fellows: with an envious eye. I saw Jean Carrel and said a word on his behalf to my lady. But she only glanced at the poor man and said: "He is a French beast. I done like Frenchmen. They cat frogs." So we passed on, and the commandante followed Donna Juanita meekly on his charger. So we passed on, and then furtively as if to make out in what favor he was. It was amusing and yet pitcous to watch him. His demeanor was

was in so great contrast to that of the raging tiger whom we had seen charging cudged in air through the shrinking ranks of the chain gaug.

Soon we struck the made road which had been brought thus far to connect with the portion of the highway we had been helping to construct from the Monastery of the San Juan de Brozas to the commanderie of the Captain General of the island.

Here we saw a huge carriage, gayly painted in red and gold, with coats of arms quartered all over the panels. A pair of outriders in gallant liverless bestrode the foremost of the six horses. At sight of it Donna Juanita Silveda chapped her hands, and made the mule break from its queit amble into a kind of cantering pace, while it scattered its hoofs generously abroad, to the danger of everything near.

It chanced that, being fleetest of foot of the company in absence of Anna). I was at the carriage almost as soon as the lady, and though, as may be understood, my pride revolved at holding the mule of Janet Mark, yet, having no lack of prudence of my nation. I made no difficulty, but held the mule as well as I could while the Lady Juanita dismounted. For which she thanked me with a bow that was never learned among the clay biggins of Moreham.

She wakked all round the carriage, admiring the panels. She parted the horses. She laced and tied the shoe of the outrider. Anon, wishing to see her equipage move, so that she might be able to imagine herself within its noble cavity she ordered the men go along the road, at speed, and to turn at the corner. There was however, some difficulty in starting, owing to the hind wheels having sunk axle-deep in the light sand. Instantly Donna Juanita ordered every one to take hold and help to move them, she herself catching at a spoke and heaving manfully, heedless of the concealed smiles of her attendants, or of the mud, which stained the fine fabric of her dress.

"Lend a hand here, Nicholas," she cried imperiously to her commandante.

"My lady," he made answer, blowing out his cheeks, "it consorteth not

hands, laughing meantine with pleasure and excitement.

"Now, up with you, Nicholast Give me your foot. There!" and with a hearty heave she had her husband again in the saidle, though there were twenty within reach who could have rendered that service for him. An extraordinarily good natured woman so long as her toes were not trodden upon was my Lady Juanita Silveda, some time wife of Saul Mark, privateer and common pirate.

CHAPTER XLI

PERILOUS FAVOR. Yet it was curious to note how in all her gran-deur, and while speaking with carelessness and unprecision the new language she had learned. Janet Mark retained the manners of the off-band,

hoydenish, half gypsy Scot's wife. She thought mothing of shouting the broadest jests down from her windows to the men-at-arms, and as for her husband, if in aught he failed in his duty, all the world knew of it by the morrow's morn. Yet in spite of this, or because of it, Don Nicholas loved her so greatly that he was never happy out of her sight, and was reputed to have forgiven her much more than is usually overlooked by men of his nation and profession.

Presently the coach came rumbling and swaying back, and Juanita insisted upon us getting in, in order that we might try the luxury of the red velvet cushions and admire the Venetian mirrors set into the front and sides in which she was never tired of regarding the comeliness of her own buxon countenance and wide smiling mouth with its

in order that we might try the luxury of the red velvet cushions and admire the Venetian mirrors set into the front and sides in which she was never tired of regarding the comeliness of her own buxon countenance and wide smiling mouth with its fine double row of teeeth white as milk. Her husband made as if he would accompany her, calling for a servitor to hold his horse. But his wife shut the door upon the three of us, waving her hand out of the window and crying back to the Senor Commandante: "Bide where you are. Nicholas—once off your beast is enough in one day fora man of your figure."

Juanita then plumped her down among the cushions of the hack seat, rolling from side to side in luxurious content, varied by leaning out of the window to make the outriders go faster. Will and I had meekly taken the from places opposite to her, as became our position. But Juanita would have none of that.

"Here, come and sit by me one of you. Am I to be ratited about like a pea in a bladder, because you are mum mouthed? You Englishman, you are the best looking; come hither."

And though that was in no ways true, yet I grudged not poor Will his honors. For he had perforce to sit beside her while Don Nicholas spurred his horse and cast the blackest glances upon the perilous favors to which my comrade had been so suddenly advanced.

And so all the way back to the town of San Juan the carriage swayed and thundered, now swinging to one side, now lurching to the other. The stenes and soil from the half made road, dessicated by the heat of the tropics and blown to dust by the trade winds, flew in clouds post the windows from the spurning hoofs of the horses. Don Nicholas clapped his hat tighter on his head and set spurs in his beast, to keep us in sight. His wife waved a hand out at the window as he dropped behind and challenged him to a race, calling him "Old Rum Puncheon," "Dutch Haunches," "Lari Barrel," together with other yet choicer names, so that the postillions before and men servants behind had much ado to keep their seats

me back to poor Jean Carrel. I had rather suffer for my religion any day!"

Presently we crossed a creek, the horses splashing to the hocks, the water coming into the carriage and Donna Jumits swearing like a grena dier, in clacking full flavored oaths she had learned from her father, who on a time had seen service with Grer of Lag. The beasts pulled us no the bank in a series of standing leaps, and at the top we found ourselves in a pleasant country, with trees in clumps and grass almost as green as in the policies my grandfather had been at such pains to lay out about the house of New Milus.

such pains to lay out about the house of New Milns.

There were many trees, too, some leaded with fruit, others gay with birds of red and green, that cawed and gabbled with hideous noise. The road improved greatly from this point, and the poor Captain of Spain had hard work to keep up with us, which from his jealousy of his wife he was determined to do.

Then all suddenly we came out upon the crest of a little hill, and lo, there beneath us showed the town and castle of San Juan. The castle is very strong, standing with its works defensive and strong buildings on a point of land which juts out into the sea. The town has several churches and many houses with little arbors and inclosed gardens, all within the wall of the city. But the larger gardens for produce are

Carrajo I will beat the white heretics in steed."

And he would have fallen again upon us, as it were for mere pleasurable exercise, but at the very moment when he raised his stick, Donna Juanita rode up upon her mule.

She dill not weate a word upon him, but took hold of the weapan by the end which he had over his shoulder in the act of bringing it down upon our head. Nie wrested the oudget from him with a quick lerk, and, to the great amusement of all the chain game, lad it isoundly across the shoulders of the Commandante.

These are my people do not touch them, pic of Spain, she cried, have I not warned you be fore? Oo! You are in disgrace. You are as a sow brought up in the Batuecas. You have no more manners than a buil of Estramadura. And this I learned was her ordinary manner with her husband. She was so eager to acquire the words which bite and scrifty that she would go among the very trulls and mosts of these with words that stung worse than his own sticks of that he was cowed by the mere sight of her and even in public would beg pitfully to be taken into favor again.

Yet withal there was a kind of curiously restless fondness between these twain. For Donna Juanita would be furtiously jealous of any woman to whom the poor man so much as passed a word of civility. And in such a case there were no bounds to her rueity, nor any lengths that she wolld not go in order to satisfy her desire for vengeance. Don Nicholas also was reported feelous, and certainly whenever his wife took it into her head to visit the monastery or go among the soldery, he would cause Peter Acla, the wire worked and bring him word concerning Donna Juanita's actions.

On this face and he followed his wife submissively as sie went hither and thitter inspecting the now would be printing the two during the words. The horse head to visit the monastery or go among the soldery, he would cause Peter Acla, the wire words and fragments of pastry.

As soon as I heard the condemning that with a word and the province of the same province of this a and inclosed gardens, all within the wall of the city. But the larger gardens for produce are without and contain many good vegetables, with fruitage of orange trees, lemons, plantains, ground gourds, and an excellent fruit called coracon, because it is the shape of a heart. Yet it must not be supposed that these gardens are fenced in or weeded as at home. The Spaniards, at least in their Indian colonies, have no inclination to be so particular and nice. So all lies open and is trampled over by cattle and the wild things of the woods. Yet it is astonishing to see how many herbs, roots and vegetables come to perfection in spite of all, though few, indeed, in that Iuscious soil and forcing climate have the flavor of a Scottish winter apple or an English peach. Indeed, I think none that I ever tasted.

perhaps as it turned out it was a fortunate thing that my tongue could form so few Spanish words. For when we reached the lofty chamber which was miladi's hall and sitting room in ordinary. Juanita ordered her husband back for a fan she had left in the carriage. The poor man paused, choked, hesitated and went. As soon as he was fairly gone Donna Juanita turned her about and kissed Will soundly on the mouth. "There," she said, "that is proper greeting between country folk in a far land. I have not had an honest Scot's kiss in half a dozen years. These Spaniards are men of buckram and prunella."

She would e'en have done the same grace to me, which, indeed. I was dreading, having indeed no liking for the ceremony, but at that moment the hasty footsteps of her husband were heard returning. He had indeed made good speed in his message, better, methinks, than altogether pleased his wife. For she frowned portentously and threw the fan down on a couch petitishly, without thanking him for his trouble. Yet for all that she treated him after this fashion. Don Nicholas followed her everywhere with his eyes and fawned upon ber like a whitpped dog, which thing I judge not to be good for any woman, all of them being by mature the butter for keeping in some manner of subjection.

Then Donna Juanita talked to us in English, or more often in the Moreham Scotch of the more vulgar sort, while her husband, not being able to understand a word, sat and fidgeted, or stood by the window kicking his heels and tangling his spirs in the hangings, not daring to say a word. Save that I thought on the chain gang and the Inquisition. I could have found it in my heart to be sorry for him.

Donna Juanita listened to the relation of our escape with the greatest interest, till, asking where the others of our party were, she suddenly bade her husband go back incontinent to the monastery and fetch all who had come with us in the boat.

"It saw a well looking voung lad at the numner wall it is not fair that he should stay there to play bob cherry o

"I shall send a messenger immediately," he said," "It is more fitting, and the heat of the day is great."

"I bade you go and bring them, Nicholas!" said Juanita, continuing her talk with Will.

The Governor shuffled toward the door. His eyes, full of fury, were turned on Will and myself. I wished that Juanita had not showed herself quite so friendly. In a few moments, however, we heard the rattle of horses' feet, and, looking through the curtains, I beheld this most luxurious military governor, with a single attendant, speeding away in the direction of the monastery of St. John of Brozas.

"I think," began Will, rising uneasily, "that I should go and meet.
"Sit down" cried the lady, quoting a Spanish proverb. "The only foily I cannot forgive is ingratitude, the only sin stupidity. Time enough to greet your folk when they arrive!"

So perforce we had to sit down again, and tell the lady many things to fill up the time. I spoke of my mother, but could not summon resolution to tell her of Anna. And indeed if any one will take the trouble to think on all the circumstances I udge that he will not greatly blame me. So that, be it well believed, it was with a tremulous heart that I waited the advent of my mother and little Anna Mark.

CHAPTER XLII.

# JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XLII.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER.

Before her husband's return the lady had time to tell us all her adventures now standing by Will's stool and playing with his hair, anon gazing out at the window. She spoke of Moreham. She queried concerning New Milns. Yet all the time she continued to inform us in the common accent of the vulgar that she only knew these places from having visited at the house of a noble family in the neighborhood.

"It was in her leddyship's time that I gaed maistly about Clay Pots," she sald, with the careless hauteur born of high breeding, "aye, aye, fell fond o' me was her puir leddyship, an' tried hard to get up a match atween me an' her auldest son Hairry, that's noo, my lord. But na—no for Leddy Johanna Wackinstry—that was my sel'. My maiden name ye maun ken. I fairly scorned him. I juist couldna bear to look at him And then a' thing gaed wrang when the guid cause gaed to the wal; an' at the last, me that was sae prood, was stown awa' frae my native land."

Anon she would relapse is to a number of Spanish proverbs, and the curlous thing was that so soon as she cassed telling tales of her own invention and began to moralize after the manner of her adopted country, she spoke good enough English, relinquishing completely the common Scots' manner of speech.

"But there I have come to a country where the slaves are the only free men, where I must plut up with fools and knaves and sing. Why left I my hame" Yet God be thanked. I can make them serve me. If a dog barks at you, give him a bone; and death is the only sickness for which there is no remedy. But what keeps my husband? He has had time to have been there and back a score of times. What is your name, young led?" "Philip. I said, without adding my surname. "Ah!" she meditated, "once I kenned a Philip."

but he did not favor you, far otherwise, indeed!"
She looked me over a little disdainfully, and I blushed (I fear somewhat foolishly), knowing of whom she spoke. It was not vanity. God wot. For I know well I was never so tall or so well-favored as my father. But so long as Anna thought otherwise I cared naught for the opinion of any other. TALESOF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT

"Now, Philip, go and find my husband!" she said to me. "Tell him to make haste, for I am instant to see those whe came from the pirate TOD AND THE STOLEN HOLI-Instant to see those who came from the pirate isle with you."

I started up and was at the door in a moment, but Will was before me.
But this the lady would in no wise permit. She thought more of Will's bodily presence than of mine being older. I suppose a thing that made meglad, and I resolved to vex Will afterward by casting up to him the lady's preference.

"Bide, Englishman," she said, "let young Aber cairs go." DAYS.

This Explains for the Very First Time Just What Became of the Missing Christmas and Fourth of July That Upset the Calculations of Some Small Boys a Few Years Ago.

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glad, and I resolved to vex Will alterward by casting up to him the lady's preference.

"Bide, Englishman," she said, "let young Aber Cairn go!"
At which Will had perforce to return against his will and I departed well content. But I was none so well pleased with the sight that met me outside of the town. For mounted on mules and cantering ponies, I met a whole calvacade. First came my mother on a steady pacing beast of a gray color. She had on a kind of nun's dress with a white band across the forehead, in which I hated to see her. A brown rosary was about her neck, and she looked as if she had spent all her life within convent walls, this owing not so much to piety as to the delicate purity of her complexion, of which she always took great care. Next came the old witch woman, carried in a sort of rude litter by two stalwart negroes, while Eborra ran beside her, ready to render any as sistance which might be necessary.

But the last pair caused me the greatest astonishment of all. For Anna rode boy fashion on a fiery little steed with the commandante beside her on his black. She was still dressed in time manner which some of the Spanlards have learned from the Indians, that is to say, in a youth's suit of dressed deerskin, fringed and beaded. A short tanned skirt of fine doeskin came a little below her knee. Cross gariered hosen, little peaked Indian shoes and a feathered cap completed an attire pretty indeed to look upon, but one which, appearing in Moreham Kirk on a Sabbath morn, would have raised a revolution in all the parochin. All the time the commandante was devouring Anna with his eyes, while as for the minx herself, as usual, she was eking out her broken Spanlsh with her eyelashes.

"No puede, senor!" she was saying, "no mas who have raised a revolution in all the value and the sagua—" It would have been easy to discover good qualies in Tod Pendleton. He was kind hearted and brave and good-humored, but he was also greedy As an illustration of this latter quality let me ell an incident connected with his boyhood my grandfather told me. Years ago there was a kind of candy known as the "Jackson ball." was as large around as a crab apple and as hard as a stone pavement is when you fall headlong on it. Well, one day Timotheus Pauncefor found a cent in the road, and as he was a mos generous little fellow he immediately invited Tod to go with him to the little candy store on the corner, and he'd treat him to whatever he wanted. Most boys would have chosen taffy as being easy to divide, but Tod, never thinking about Timotheus, said he guessed he'd take a Jackson ball, and Timotheus bought one they came one for a cent. But as there is no way to What it was that the senor could not do, or why Anna wanted no more water, I cannot tell. Most likely the whole was but an excuse to make play with her darkly roguish eyes. For it was about this time that Anna began to show a consciousness of her beauty wholly new, and I will admit that though I misliked it at the time afterward it was pleasing to recall her little successes, and how she served this one and that other, knowing all the time that her heart was altogether mine.

Presently they all came within the inclosure of the castle. I helped my mother down from the saddle as from a castle wall who, when she had disentangled herself, fell into my arms and weptover me. The first question she asked was whether Umphray Spurway had yet arrived. And when I told her "no" "Ab, then," she murmured, "he is surely on his way". dispose of them but to suck them to their dissolution Timotheus didn't get a taste. They came out of the candy store two happy boys: Timo theus happy because he had provided a feast for his friend and Tod happy because the it had been provided without costing him anything.

It was when Tool was 11 years old that his greed caused trouble to the whole of the United States on two very important days. Just what year it was I cannot say, but your great grandfather may remember. His parents took him to a bal loon ascension at Rockeford Park, a place where hey hold fairs and poultry shows every fall. It is not for me to say how he managed to do

weptoverme. The first question she asked was whether Umphray Spurway had yet arrived. And when I told her "no" "Ah, then," she murmured, "he is surely on his way".

Over my mother's shoulder I could see the red faced commandante, who had dismounted in puffing haste, holding out his arms to catch Anna in the free island manner.

But of this Anna would have nothing, for with a merry laugh the little witch leaped nimbly down, resting only the ups of her fingers lightly on Don Nicholas's outstretched arm. Where-upon the gallant soldier of the most Catholic King bent him on one knee in the dust of the exercising yard, and kissed the small brown hand which Anna permitted him to retain.

"Why, what harm" I thought I was doing the best for all of us "said my lass afterward, and it. I don't think he was ever clear in his own mind how it came about, but it is a well-known fact that when you cut the rope that holds a balloon to earth that balloon is going to escape if t has a spark of animation. I suppose the balonist had gone to lunch, but wherever he was was not in the balloon when Tod stepped into the basket to see how the old thing worked, and as Tod was a perfectly fearless and reckless boy he did not think of the moral or physical cense "May, what harm" I thought I was doing the best for all of us" said my lass afterward, and gave not a fig for any doctrine or proof of mine. But all the same it had been better if she had chosen another spot for her ill settricks than immediately beneath the window of Mistress Juanita Silveda. quences, but simply sawed away at the rope with his jackknife until the balloon sprang up like a lark from its nest in the meadow and was soon out of hearing of the angry owner

My grandfather told me that the farmer's horse began to cut up just as Tom was severing the rope and that that drew away the attention of the sightseers. Certainly there never was a madder man than the owner of that balloon, and he called the bystanders all sorts of names for not interfering to save his precious balloon.

As for Tod, he was tickled to death. He waved farewell to the crowds below, he sang snatches of songs and sat on the edge of the basket with his legs dangling over until his mother fainted, and as he happened to see her he drew in his legs. He did not like to occasion unnecessary pain. After he had been in the balloon some ten hours

sake and Anna's —I would let drive at the besom with my foot."
I said something here.
"O, that be hanged for a tale." (Will did not often swear.) "I knew as soon as I clapped eyes on her that the trollop was no more of a lady than Tip, our cat, that rakes the roofs in the midnight!
And as I say, if it had not been for your mother, I would have knifed her and thrown her over the window to the dogs, like he other besom in the Bible—Jezebel, was that not her name? I heard Mess John read about her in the kirk once. And a rare tale it was, too! and had sailed I don't know how many miles. he became very hungry, and seeing land a quarter of a mile above him he decided to leave the balloon a rare tale it was, too'
"Then all suddenly I had ease indeed," Will
went on, "for it chanced that Jezebel looked out and take a short walk for exercise if he could fasten his anchor anywhere. The balloonist had an emergency anchor in the balloon, and it he hadn't no one would ever have heard of Tod again. So my grandfather said.

went on. 'for it chanced that Jezebel looked out of the window over my shoulder, and there upon the plaza she saw King Ahab kneeling, if you please, on the hard mud to our Anna, decked out like a suripling from a play acting booth, all fine with beads and tags and gauds. And she, well-looking down at him like the little vixen she is:

"Well-then I tell you, she was in a rare taking. My lady thought no more of breathing down my neck. By the head of Noll, will a cat lick her paws when she can lick cream? Jezebel stamped her foot and clenched her hands, looking as if she would have leaped down from the window upon the pair of them. She strode up and down like one of Lag's troopers in a corenanting house, and when at last the door opened I expected her every moment to fly at Anna as she came in He was now some three hundred miles above the earth, higher than any man of science has ever been, and yet he did not feel cold, nor bleed at the ears, nor do any of those unpleasant things that aeronauts seem to consider so necessary. That there should be land up in the air struck

there were many things connected with the heavens that he knew nothing about, and this land was I indoubtedly one of them.

As he sped past a little cape of land that jutted "And she would, too—only that the Don came first, and the brunt of her anger fell on him. He qualled and stammered as indeed you heard him. His own time Casulian failed him in the hour of need as it had been a foreign tongue. "Fool toad, spawn of a mud bank, she cried, 'you would betray me to my face, and that with a silly ape faced girl, the slave of a slave? By our lady. I will mar her. She shall no longer witch fools with her upward glances. I will pluck out her eyes pyke them as corbies do'—"At this, thinking that she would do even as she said, I came between. In a moment she had a dagger drawn on me, and which she stuck through my forearm. Then plucking it out again she flew like a fury upon Anna, and if you. Philip, had not gotten between them. I trow she would have had it in her heart."

Thus far, Will, I may as well tell the rest in my own plain tale. I did step between the two, for Anna kept her ground gallantly as the wife of the commandante rushed at her with dagger uplifted.

"Hold, Janet Mark!" I cried loudly, catching hold of her, "Do not kill your own child."

She struggled wildly for a minute as I held her by the wrist.

"She is your own child, your little Anna Mark." out into the air he was able to throw the anchor into a tree, and a moment later the halloon was as it looked. In fact, it was a cloud, and if a handsome little boy clad in what looked like an autumn sunget had not stretched out his hand and caught him. Tod would have had a bad fall. "Here, drink this and you'll be able to walk without sinking," said the little stranger. He handed a golden cup to Tod as he spoke, and that boy was only too glad to drink, for he was thirsty after his 300 mile flight. The liquid tasted like all the kinds of soda water you ever heard of, poured into one glass and flavored with essence of orange flower. As soon as Tod had drunk it he felt as light as a feather and walked on the cloud as if it had been terra firms, which, my grandfather told me, is Latin for solid ground. She struggled wildly for a minute as I held her by the wrist.

"She is your own child, your little Anna Mark!" I repeated in a calmer tone.

And the second time the spoken words did not fall of their effect.

"Little Anna Mark!" she repeated after me.

Ask your teacher whether the old gentleman was right.
"What's the name of this place and how far "Little Anna Mark" she repeated after me, uncertainly, pausing between each word. "Aye, Anna Mark, indeed." I continued; "the babe you hade farewell to on the steps of Moreham kirk. I kenned you, Janet Mark, even as soon as I clapped eyes on you."

I expected every moment that she would turn on me and order us all to the gallows, being in fear lest her husband should discover her for the thing she was. But I misjudged the woman. Sin like this woman's debases the heart, but it does not kill natural affection.

She looked at Anna long and keeniy. The stiletto, or thin-bladed albacete knife dropped from her hand. She ran forward, caught her daughter by the shoulders, and eagerly perused her features. do you do up here, and where can I get such a pretty suit. It looks like the view from our verandah when the sun is going down."

"I can tell you're from the earth by the questions you ask," said the other boy, laughing. He was such a pretty fellow. Very much like the Cupids on valentines

"Well, I'd never learn anything if I didn't ask questions. Where do you live and why don't you fall through?" "I'm the child of sunset; but, say, you haven't

learned anything so far by asking questions, for you don't wait for the answers. You only for you don't wait for the answers. ask to keep your tongue from getting lazy." Tod laughed and said: "I bet I can beat you run-

daughter by the shoulders, and eagerly perused her features.

"It canna be—it canna—it canna," she cried aloud in country speech, "this is no my wee lass—my boarny wee lass that I left sae far awa!"

Anna stood mute, looking questioningly from one to the other of us.

"This is indeed little Anna Mark," said my mother, speaking for the first time, "but Philip doats. You are not her mother. Her mother was an evil woman, a murderess. She was sransported for her crime. She was sold for a slave in the plantations of Carolina."

Now, thought I, we are done for, indeed.
Recognizing a hostile voice, Janet Mark turned on my mother.

"Who are you" she said with a suddenly whitened face."

"I am Philip Stansfield's wife "answered my ning " "I guess not,"said the Sunset Boy, and with that both of them began to run as hard as they could. but although Tod's feet hardly touched the ground. so easily did he move through cloudland, yet the other boy moved twice as fast and soon vanished. The letter is written on a paper of fine texture, behind a high wall that surrounded a huge castle. Yellow with age. The penmanship is fine and that looked like those cloud palaces that rear neat, and very much resembles the manuscript themselves on June days when you are lying of the Senator forty years after. The indorse-

again, "Philip Stansfield's wife: God be merciful to me a sinner.

Then she turned to where her husband, Don Nicholas, was standing, open-mouthed, not understanding a word of our discourse, but following with hungry curiosity every gesture and action. She held out a hand to him.

She kept her eyes averted from Anna's pale face with its look of wondering innocence, in which was yet no fear.

"My little Anna Mark," she repeated wistfully, like one in a dream.

And as the door closed upon the commandante and his wife my mother sank down in a dead faint into Will Bowman's arms. Anna and I looked at each other, while Eborra's mother muttered incantation after incantation as if to appease an angry demon.

"Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"After Using the automating Backaction at type writ, or for three emonth and Over, I unheastfattingly prenounce it pronoce it to be all even more than the Manufactura Claim? for it. During the time been in possession at the ree month at id has more than paid for itself in the saving of it an diabor.—John 5 Gibbs."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly went away.

teapot, "if that's the case you can have all the holidays you want. I thought people prized

them down there." "No. indeed," said Tod. "Why, teacher says they de de demoralize the boys, and we never do as well the day after a holiday." "Come inside, then, and help yourself. What

days do you want?" Tod stepped into the cloud palace and found himself in the midst of banks of such beautiful colors as you never saw, even when the sun was doing his pretuest. Bounding billows of purple and saffron and green and crimson and violet Tod was only a boy and boys don't go in for tha sort of thing very much, but he told his mother afterward that it was all so gorgeous that it made him feel like crying.

"Take a header into the midst of them and you'll reach the room where the Christmasses are stored."

Tod dived and a moment later found himself in a room filled to overflowing with Christmas presents and Christmas trees and Christmas horns and sleighbells, and yards upon yards of good will "Now," said his guide, who had become an

other being like the Sunset Boy, only older, "take your choice. You can have one Christmas or one Fourth, but you can't have more than one at once. In the next room are Lincoln's days and the room next to that is filled with Grant's days

"Oh, that's a holiday that they haven't begun to use yet, but when they do they'll find me pre-

Tod thought he'd like one Christmas and he had no sooner expressed the wish than he found himself and the Sunset Boy on a cloud by themselves surrounded with all the Christmas presents that n boy ever wished for. Guns, pistols, marbles, books, skates, baseball bats, footballs, fencing foils, double rippers, wheels, kodaks and a big hand organ with a grinning monkey sitting on it. And candy and fruit until you'd think of a doctor. He told the Sunset Boy to pitch in and all that day he are and read and rode and shot oles in distant clouds and took snapshots of the Sunset Boy and taught him how to box, and by nightfall was the tiredest boy who ever visited a cloud. He had had enough Christmas last him three years.

The next morning he woke up in the Fourth of July room, and he wanted to turn over and go to sleep, but the warrior said that he must choose holiday as long as he had been so keen for it So he chose the Fourth because the warrior had pulled one out of place and he didn't want'to dis oblige him

torpedoes and grasshoppers and flery dragons and cannons his enthusiasm returned, and when he and the Sunset Boy found themselves on a new with nothing to remind him of Christmas on it he set out to have fun, but the premature discharge of a bunch of cannon crackers set fire to the cloud on which they were sailing, and when the Sunset Boy had put out the fire with a rain cloud he found that all the firecrackers were wet, and so the morning was not as noisy as you might have supposed it would be. In the evening Tod did thoroughly enjoy himself. Every set piece you ever heard of was there, and he and the

him as odd at first, and then he reflected that slept through that day, and there were some

is it to earth, and what's your name, and what a holiday once in a while, as they appreciated

And a see that the same of the

NORTH HAVEN'S GRAY FOXES

THEY MADE ONE MAN RICH AND Dwellers of a Maine Coast Island That Are

Supposed to Have Come Originally

From Near the North Pole, With Some Assistance From a Circus Elephant. NORTH HAVEN, Me., March 23. - The island North Haven has been famous for more than fifty years on account of the great number of silver gray foxes which inhabit its ledgy hills. funters from distant parts have visited the places expecting to get rich from selling gray fox pelts at \$200 or \$300 each in the big fur markets. Urul thirty years ago, when a granite quarry was opened among the hills and summer visitors came to build cottages along the bluffs, the reputanon of the island was held up by the number of gras oxes it produced. The hunters who came met with fair success, getting two or three foxes a week, all of which were silver grays, because there was not a red fox on the island. dustry grew to such proportions that Isaac Carver built a hotel for the housing of hunters and named it the Gray Fox Inn. Although Carvet prospered and grew rich. and although new huners came every winter, it was noticed that one

trip was enough to satisfy the most realous. Men who went away with gray fox pelts enough to bring \$3,000 or \$4,000 never came back to add o their fortunes. At last it was learned that the foxes, though gray in color and seemingly of great value, were not of the kind which grow fur. They belonged to an undetermined species. whose pelts were hardly worth the taking off As the hunters spent a good deal of money among the people at a time when work was scarce the resident population never revealed the secret of the gray foxes and the visitors, having paid for their information, were not anxious to en lighten the public. Therefore new hunters came every winter for nearly fifty years. By this time the secret was common property and Carvet, having made money out of the deception. sold the Gray Fox Inn for a summer hotel.

Just how this fraudulent breed of gray foxed came to North Haven was a mystery for many years. The island is far offshore, toward the niddle of Penobscot Bay. Until the winter of 1837 8 nobody had seen a fox on the island. After this date foxes were observed more frequently each season. In 1840 the inhabitants shot about twenty and sent the pelts to Boston, expecting to get rich without further labor. The special messenger who went to sell the skins returned with bad news and informed the waiting ones that the whole lot wasn't worth \$10. As the natives could not make money by selling the for pelts they concluded to have some fun with the outside world. They caused notices to be inserted in the local papers which told about the horders of gray foxes that ronned over North Haven. These accounts were copied all over the country. After this the hunters came, shot all the foxes they cared to kill and went home to learn wisdom.

Many well informed men, including two college professors, have tried to account for the foxes of North Haven. The animals are nearly related to the yellowishgray foxes which extend from Labrador to near the north pole. None had been found south of St. Lawrence kilver until those on North Haven were discovered. Why a species of animal that is a congener of the musk ox and polar bear should be found on an island in Penobscot Bay was a mystery which could not be exwith bad news and informed the waiting ones

Tod did thoroughly enjoy himself. Every set at the proceyou ever heard of was there, and he and the Sunset Boy hung them on the edge of a great bank of clouds that looked portentous and lowering until it was lighted up and then it resembled fairyland. One million rockets going off at once make a spectacle that you don't see every day in the year, and there were long articles in the earth papers the day after telling about the shooting stars that had come ahead of time. But the astronomers were able to give good reasons for their appearance and not a soul imagined that Tod was at the bottom, or rather the top, of the display.

The morning after the Fourth Tod had a splitting headache, and said he was sick of holidays and he'd like to go down to earth.

His two friends bade him good by and he steeped into the basket of the balleon, and thanks to a little help from a heavy wind cloud that he fassened under the basket, he reached the earth in a few minutes, and in the midst of a terrific wind storm.

When the third of July came the next month if found people everywhere making preparations for the celebration of the Fourth, but greedy. Tod had already celebrated it up in cloudland and there was no Fourth. People everywhere slept through that day, and there were some who would have blessed Tod, but the small boys were furious. They could not explain it. They went to bed with all their ammunition within reach, and when they woke up they realized that the Royal Pass cloared to the source of the circus performances and another for the animal cages. In addition to the set time were some were furious. They could not explain it. They went to bed with all their ammunition within reach, and when they woke up they realized that the Royal Pass cleared for Boston on the fetry money of Nov. 30. They made good headacy of the color of the clears and another for the animal cages. In addition to the set for weak and the reached the carth for the celebration of the epiches were some were furious. They could not explain it. They went

and there was no Fourth. People except when sho would have blessed Tod, but the small boys were furious. They could not explain it. They went to bed with all their ammunition within roch, and when they work up they resided the rock, and they were the bed with all their ammunition within roch, and when they work up they resided they were to bed with all their ammunition within roch, and when they work up they resided the rock of the state of the savenum and the state of the savenum and the